

## A LITTLE CHILD

By JULIA A. ROBINSON.

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Jack walked slowly homeward, with bowed head and knitted brow. Home! Was it home to which he was going? Could that bare room in the lodging house be called home? Once he had had a home, cozy and cheerful, with a little wife to make him happy, but they had quarrelled. He hardly remembered what it was about. In bitter anger they had separated. He had come to the city and had lived his lonely life and had heard no word from Sally since he left.

It came back to him in vivid recollection as he waited the street, and the surroundings. Perhaps it was because it was just six years today since he left her that he was thinking of the past. He had kept the date.

Sally was a pretty girl, with laughing eyes, bright and witty—quarry sometimes, changeable and high-spirited; yet loving and tender, always begging for pardon after each outbreak, arms clinging about his neck.

Jack had loved this fiery young thing when he had won.

To drown his sorrow Jack had plunged into business. He had made money, but it brought him no happiness. Once he had gone back, remorsefully, longing for Sally. The old town looked as it did the morning he went away.

The great elm tree spread its friendly branches in front of the cottage, as of yore (Sally loved that tree). Lilies were in bloom. The house had a friendly air. He almost expected to see Sally open the door and come out with her old bright smile.

The door did open, but it was not Sally's face that met him. A man, young and vigorous, paused on the step as he saw Jack confronting him.

"Good day, my friend," he accented. "What can I do for you?"

Jack started. "Is—does—where's Sally?" he jerked.

"Sally?" he asked. "Who's Sally?"

"Sally—she lived here," stammered Jack.

"I don't know anyone by that name," returned the man. "No one by that name lives here."

Jack stared, bewildered, but soon recovered himself. Of course the man would not know her by her first name. "Mrs. Mason," he explained, "is she at home?"

"Oh, Mrs. Mason, the stranger answered. "She left two years ago. We bought the house of her. She needed money. I believe she had a little place and had to give it up to raise funds."

Jack gasped. "Gone! Where did she go?"

"Sorry I can't inform you," answered the man. "She left in a hurry. Jack turned in a daze and stumbled into the street. All the sunshine had come out of life. Sally gone!

It was a dizzying storm, but what did it matter to the man dragging himself to his lodgings? He reached the crossing. Vehicles obstructed the passage, and he waited.

Many others waited, too. Among them was a little child, who feared to cross. She looked timidly at the heavy trucks and the clash in the street, then carefully scanned the faces of those about her. With a look of relief and a smile on her baby face, she glowed her way to Jack's side, clutching her tiny hand in his.

"Please, sir, take the precious," she whispered, her blue eyes looking into his with a child's confidence.

The touch of the little hand thrilled him. He answered, took her in his arms, and carried her across the street.

"Thank you, sir," she beamed, as he handed her on the sidewalk.

"Tell me where you live and I will take you home," he said, a new interest awakening in his heart.

She led him down a quiet street, chatting all the way.

"Have you a baby girl?" she asked. "My mamma's got me; but she cries all the time, and when I say my prayers I pray for daddy to come home."

She stopped before a tenement house.

"Here it is," she cried, as she sprang into her mother's arms.

"Roxie, this is 'Mama'!" cried the woman. "I was afraid you were lost."

She turned to thank the stranger for bringing her child home, but started with a cry.

Jack started, too. "Sally!" he gasped.

"Jack!" she cried, drawing away. "To think that I should find you thus. You have suffered."

"Let that pass. Why have you come?"

"The baby brought me—this child—who is she?"

"She's yours, Jack—your baby. She was born six months after you went away."

"How could you? I came to the city to get work—Jack, I've missed you so!"

"Sally, I've wanted you more than I can tell—I want you now. Can't I begin again? I love you. 'Can you forgive the past?'"

"Forgive you?" she moaned. "It was my fault. Can you forgive me? Oh, Jack, I've longed for you so!"

"Forgive you, dearest? I have nothing to forgive. We did not understand, that was all. We did not know how to take our love. It needed those years of sorrow to teach us. We will begin again."

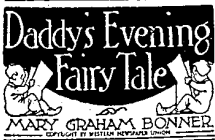
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"Kiss me, Jack," she murmured.

## Woman's Section of The Enterprise

Authoritative Ideas on Fashions by Julia Bottomley,  
and Cooking and Baking Hints by Nellie Maxwell.

Also Short Stories and Features by Noted Writers, of  
Particular Interest to Women and Children Readers.



Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

MR. CATERPILLAR.

"Just because I crawl these days doesn't mean that I am going to crawl my way through life," said Mr. Caterpillar to Peter Gnome.

"I am going to fly before long. Now boys and girls must always walk or run or sit. They cannot fly. They cannot even crawl, though I believe babies do crawl some when they are quite young."

"If they changed after they had crawled, and could fly, it would be very fine; but they can't, and somehow or other they do not seem to feel badly about it."

"I would feel very badly if, after I had crawled about, I couldn't fly later on. I know that I will be able to fly, and so it makes me very happy."

"You see, first of all I'm nothing but an egg. If I were an egg to be eaten by people, I suppose they would think a lot of me."

"But then I wouldn't think so much of myself. Of course, I wouldn't be able to think much of myself if I were eaten."

"Of course not," said Peter Gnome. "If I'm eaten by other creatures it is

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## A SUMMER WRAP

White and Black Combination for  
Picturesque Cape.

Mandarin Sleeves in Exaggerated  
Form Take Away From Grace-  
ful Outline of Figure.

The recent race meetings at Long-champs have been specially brilliant, writes a Paris fashion correspondent. It has been interesting, and not a little extraordinary, to note the prominence of black and white effects. It is really true that, amongst the best dressed women, nine in ten wore black, white or the two mixed.

One picturesque cape, especially was greatly admired. The important point was the wide scarf collar turned back with embroidered silk. A splendid effect was obtained by the most simple methods and nothing could be more graceful than the way in which the scarf collar was thrown over one shoulder.

It is the day of picturesque wraps. These garments are worn on all sorts of occasions, in the afternoon as well as evening. On coats and wraps one finds very wide "mandarin" sleeves.

It must be confessed that the mandarin sleeve in exaggerated form takes away from the graceful outline of the feminine figure; this is especially the case when a skirt of 1830 outline is adopted.

When autumn sets in we shall find sleeves of uncommon, often very eccentric design fashionable. This will be a pity, but I am afraid it is in-

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## BROWN CANTON, CRISPE BOUND



Here's a model worth shopping in—and for. It is brown canton crepe with self-material of a lighter shade. It is regarded as a most practical suit.

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## The Kitchen Cabinet

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower.  
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree.  
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower.  
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.  
—Bryant.

WHAT TO EAT.

Try grated young carrots stirred in to mayonnaise until they give it a decided color. Serve on head lettuce.

Green Onion Salad—Take the young green onions, slice thin and pour over a thick sour cream or sweet cream with a dash of vinegar, salt and paprika. This is an especially appetizing salad to serve with bread and butter for a Sunday night lunch.

Snow Balls—Take one-third of a cupful of butter, add one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of flour, sifted with one-half cupful of cornstarch and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add two-thirds of a cupful of milk and the beaten whites of three eggs. Mix carefully and pour into well-buttered cups, steam in the oven in a pan of hot water for half an hour. Remove from the cups, dust with powdered sugar and serve with strawberry sauce.

Strawberry Sauce—Mix a tablespoonful of softened butter with one and one-half cupfuls of powdered sugar and one small box of strawberries, crushed.

Tomatoes Stuffed With Ripe Olives.—Scrape out the pulp from small, firm, ripe tomatoes. Fry a small onion, chopped fine, in a tablespoonful of butter, add the pulp taken from the tomatoes and a cupful of ripe olives that have been minced fine after removing the seeds, add two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Fill the tomatoes and bake.

Sponge Cake—Take four eggs, beating the whites very stiff, then fold in a cupful of sugar, a quarter of a cupful at a time, until all is added; add the yolks one at a time, stirring them lightly so that the mixture is streaked with yellow. Cut in the flour, using one cupful and pour into a buttered pan to bake forty-five minutes.

Gipsy Stew—Cook together a few potatoes, carrots, peas and tender young onions, add a few cubes of salt pork fried out, using the fat and a little milk. Serve as a vegetable in the usual small dishes.

Danger is doubly dangerous when we do not know it exists. A concealed enemy has a deadly advantage. Let the blessed sunshine into all the dark, damp corners and rout disease germs.

TIMELY FOODS.

Don't forget to serve carrots frequently, especially while they are fresh and still small. They are rich in iron and other elements which are needed to keep the blood in good condition.

Buttered Carrots—Cut the small carrots in quarters, lengthwise, and cook in a very little boiling water until tender. Use a teaspoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of water, a grating of nutmeg to serve with them.

Grapejuice and Mint Ice—Steep a large bunch of fresh mint in sufficient water to extract the flavor; strain and boil together two cupfuls of water and two cupfuls of sugar until a thick syrup is formed; add one cupful of grape juice and the mint flavoring. Stir in the beaten whites of two eggs, freeze to the consistency of mush and serve in sherbet glasses.

Ginger Creams—Mix a cupful of molasses with one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sour cream, two eggs yokes and one-half cupful of melted lard. Mix four cupfuls of pastry flour, two teaspoonfuls of soda, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of ginger, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Let stand after mixing for an hour then drop by spoonfuls two inches apart on a buttered sheet. Bake in a moderate oven; place a nut or raisin on top if desired.

First with confectionery, sugar and orange juice with some of the kind for flavoring.

Combination Salad—Take any kind of leftover meat, or different kinds will do. Put through the meat grinder and add one large, mellow apple, chopped fine; one-half cupful of chopped celery, three hard-cooked eggs, minced fine, one chopped onion, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of red pepper. Mix all together and add any salad dressing.

Old Little Jackets.

One hears now and more of the old little jackets and capes that are to accompany the petite robes, made of the same material, even if it is only a light silk.

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